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The Poplar Leaf, January 1916

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JANUARY, 1916

Vol. I

No. 1

THE POPLAR LEAF

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Love

O! talk not of being sad this lovely, merry day,
When the birds and the trees, the brooks and the breeze
Sing, "I love! I love! I love!
The earth is below and the sky is above,
I love! I love! I love!"

'Tis too fair a day to waste in sadness
When the whole world loves and is full of gladness,
And the birds and the trees, the brooks and the breeze
Sing, "I love! I love! I love!
I love! I love! I love!"

DOROTHY GREENLAW, '18.

The Birds' Christmas

The earth is below and the sky is above,
Hark! Hark! What do I hear?
I hear three birds on the window sill.
Be very still and maybe they'll see
The suet and bread on their Christmas tree.

DOROTHY GREENLAW, '18.

The Development of the Alphabet

When early man wanted to tell his friend something that he thought or saw, he had but one way, to make signs with his hands. We can get a good illustration of the way early man expressed himself by watching two deaf and dumb men talking with their hands. He did not know how to talk then. After ages he found that he could make a certain sound represent a certain thing. He then learned to express himself better with the few sounds and signs that he could make. His vocabulary grew until he had different words for the different ideas he wished to express. He still had one drawback. He could talk only to the people that were with him. When he wanted to tell anybody at a distance anything, the only thing for him to do was to go and tell him himself or send someone else with the message.

In Egypt man at an early date learned to make picture-writing in soft mud, on pieces of bone, etc. He next discovered how to make ink by mixing soot with water. His writing pen was a pointed reed cut from the Nile. He made a kind of paper out of the reed, *papyrus*. With these materials he could easily draw an object, a bird for instance, to represent what he wanted to say. The picture-writing was used first to represent objects, then to represent a syllable in a word that had the same sound as the object, and finally to represent a single character, or letter, in the word.

The first writing of every nation is picture-writing. The Egyptians started with picture- or hieroglyph-writing and "conventionalized" their characters until about 3000 B. C. they had an alphabet with twenty-four characters, but without any vowels. If they had dropped the hieroglyphs and kept the twenty-four letters, they would have had an alphabet, but they never took the final steps. They probably carried their letters and hieroglyph-writing with them when they invaded Asia Minor.

The Babylonians developed the wedge-shaped or cuneiform writing. They had a great many characters.

Next, about 1500 B. C., we find the Phoenicians and their writings. The position of the Phoenicians was such that they had to have a form of writing simpler than the cuneiform script of Babylon, which they were using at the time the Egyptians conquered Syria, 1500 B. C. As early as 1100 B. C. they had developed an alphabet of twenty-two letters, but without any vowels, similar to the Egyptian alphabet.

One old Roman writer, Diodorus Siculus, says that the Cretans in his day claimed to have been the inventors of the alphabet. He says: "Some pretend that the Syrians were the inventors of letters, and that the Phoenicians learned from them and brought the art of writing to Greece. . . . But the Cretans say that the first invention came from Crete, and that the Phoenicians only changed the form of the letters and made the knowledge of them more general among the peoples." Recent discoveries go far to prove the truth of the saying of this old Roman writer. But the general belief of scholars is that the Phoenicians were the inventors of the alphabet. Certainly theirs was the one that the Greeks and Romans used in later years.

The Greeks, in their trade with the Phoenicians, borrowed the alphabet from the Phoenicians, and with some changes, especially representing the vowel sounds, adopted it as their own. This alphabet spread slowly over Greece, beginning in Ionia.

Then when the Greeks became a powerful commercial nation they passed the alphabet on to the Romans. The Romans accepted it, a few changes being made to suit their language.

The part of the Romans was to pass it on down to us.

JAMES PHIPPS, '18.

The Best Thing in Chapel Hill

There are many good things in Chapel Hill; but only one best thing. This is Dr. Battle.

After the war between the States, the University of North Carolina was in a very bad condition. The president was one of the number who had come down from the North, following the army to see how much he could get out of the ruins of the down-trodden South. The professors were carpetbaggers, poor whites from the country near Chapel Hill, and negroes who, finding themselves not only free, but "masters of all they surveyed," almost ran wild. Thus things were when the South gradually took matters in its own hand. Men like Dr. Phillips, Gov. Jarvis, and Dr. Battle arose. Dr. Battle was elected President and a faculty of graduates of Universities was collected. Since then Dr. Battle has always served the University and the State in every manner in which he can. When his age would not permit him to act longer as the head of the University, he retired in favor of Dr. Winston. He has taken much interest in the High School, coming up and giving talks on matters of historical and common interest. He took great interest last year in the school bond election. Through his generosity many books have been added to the school library.

Dr. Battle is always behind any progressive movement in Chapel Hill, Orange County, and North Carolina.

Hence we see that Chapel Hill and the State of North Carolina love Dr. Battle as they love no one else, and think of him as one of the most benevolent and loyal sons of the Old North State. As President Graham says, "He has lived to see his own immortality."

THOMAS J. WILSON, III, '17.

The Dilemmas of Dorothy

I have finished up my Latin,
And I think it is a shame
The way the teachers treat us
And say that we're to blame.

They give us heaps of lessons—
Far more than we can do,
And if we make a rumpus
They smile serenely too.

Now if you were in our place,
Just what would you do?
When every one's against us,
Our mothers and fathers too.

DOROTHY GREENLAW, '18.

Ghosts

It is rather startling to know the conclusion of some mystifying ghost stories. Even though some of us cannot conceive of the idea that ghosts actually exist, yet we tremble to a certain degree when we hear a thrilling ghost story, told in an uncanny hour.

One bright moonlight night in November, I was seated with a group of friends around a blazing fire in my den. We had all of us completed our work for the following day, and each was now meditating, when one of the boys remarked that it was growing late, and time to go home.

Maurice next broke the silence by saying that he would be delighted to go home, but he feared the idea of passing the old graveyard, which lay on his path homeward. This remark brought a series of jeers from the group, and one of the boldest very manfully volunteered to explore the graveyard alone. We agreed to accompany him to the edge and there await the result if he should accomplish his purpose.

The chickens were calling the hour of midnight when we stepped—

Into the night made day
By the moonbeam's ray,

Then all grew intensely still, except for the hooting of an owl back among the pines, and the single bark of a neighbor's dog, that was perhaps contesting with a chicken thief. We plodded slowly in single file, being unable to group because of the shrubbery that grew up by the path. Indeed it seemed that we were returning from the field of experience, rather than just entering upon it.

Silence in her silent way
Ruled them in a forceful sway.

After half an hour's walk we reached the graveyard. Truly it was a graveyard, surrounded by large pine trees, that seemed to sing a lullaby to those who lay breathless beneath the cold ghostly marble.

The group came to a standstill perhaps twenty feet from the marble tombstones, while the hero of the occasion, bravely

but fearfully proceeded onward. Even the thud of his feet on the velvet grass seemed to him as if the graves themselves had opened and their inmates were following in a deadly procession, and the shades of the trees cast flickering shadows upon the tombstones, only to make the occasion more hideous.

The youth had reluctantly approached the largest death's sentinel, when suddenly a scantily clad figure loomed up as if the grave had emptied its contents there at his back. The ugly expression on his face showed that he was bent upon an errand that would prove destructive to any victim. While we watched, breathless with horror, he drew a bowie knife from among the folds of his ragged garment, and with long, bony fingers clutched the knife, and brandished it above his disheveled head—meanwhile with a steady tread approaching the boy from behind. We stood speechless, rooted to the earth, unable to save the boy from a sure death, or to inform him of his dangerous position. Luckily a rustling among a clump of bushes off to our right caused the youth to turn and look behind. He was terrified before seeing the figure, but now he became more terrified, and immediately decided to run. After hearing the rustling noise in the clump of the trees he directed his steps in that direction thinking perhaps that his friends were concealed there. He might have been able to escape the grasping arms of the assailant, had he not been tripped by a dead branch of an old tree which overshadowed the many graves, and which now was intent on adding another grave to their number. When the boy fell he was knocked unconscious, and perhaps never would have escaped that brandished weapon, had not two stalwart figures sprung from a near-by clump of bushes, and overpowered the supposed ghost by tying the arms and feet with bare chains.

We, now seeing the figure safely guarded, recovered our speech and approached the figure surrounded by the three. We learned from the men that the supposed ghost was an escaped madman who had been hiding in the graveyard for several days, and they, hearing of his whereabouts, came to capture him, and return him safely to the hospital.

FRANK DURHAM, '17.

Family Rows

Said the Russian to the Turk,
"I will cut you with my dirk."
Said the Turk to the Russian,
"Oh! darn it, quit your fussin!"
Said the Kaiser to the Czar,
"You're a b'ar, I do declar'."
Said the Czar to the Kaiser,
"Oh! you are a liar, sir."
The Frenchman concerning the Kaiser
Said, "Oh, what a bally geezer."
Said the Bulgar to the Greek,
"I'm going to make you squeak."
Said the Greek to the Bulgar,
"Oh! how very, very vulgar."

THOMAS J. WILSON, III, '17.

The Poplar Leaf

Published quarterly by the students of the Chapel Hill High School.

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FRANK DURHAM, '17.....	Editor-in-Chief
AGNES ANDREWS, '16.....	Associate Editor
NELL PICKARD, '17.....	Associate Editor
COMMIE McLENNAN, '18.....	Associate Editor
CHARLES CATES, '19.....	Associate Editor
FRANCES VENABLE	Grammar Grade Editor

BUSINESS MANAGER

EDWIN TENNEY, '18

ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGERS

THOMAS WILSON, III, '17

JAMES PHIPPS, '18

Editorial

We, as a High School, are now entering upon a new venture—a magazine. In publishing the first issue we feel that we have made a real step forward. We hope through our different departments to show to our friends our various activities, to show the spirit of the school, and to raise the standard of the English work in the school. The greatest significance of the magazine lies in the last named purpose. We wish the magazine to be the medium for the expression of the creative thought of the students, and to this end we earnestly ask the hearty co-operation of every pupil of the school.

The Chapel Hill High School magazine is named THE POPLAR LEAF in honor of the Davie Poplar which stands on the University campus, a monument of nature. There are many other trees in Chapel Hill, but none so grand as this famous old poplar standing among the trees about it, as William Richardson Davie did among his contemporaries.

Use of the Library

It seems that we as a school do not use our very good library as much as we should. There are only about six books

taken from the library each week by the High School students. This is certainly not because there is nothing there to read, because there are more good books suitable for those grades than for any other in school. The higher grammar grades read regularly. We wonder if this is because they have more time or if they consider reading one of the important things concerning the school work. If we read the right kind of books, we will find that reading has a place in our after-school time which we usually spend in doing things which are much less important.

If the teachers of the lower grades would advise the children as to what they should read there would be a great deal more reading in the grades.

The library is open half an hour each Friday, to every one except the first and second grades. It is open to anyone who wishes to read in school and it would add greatly to our general culture if we would use it more.

NELL PICKARD, '17.

Athletics and School Spirit

The question has often come up as to whether athletics help school spirit and school efficiency or not. This is an important question and on the answer depends to what extent athletics should be developed in the schools.

Athletics develop school loyalty and enthusiasm. A few weeks ago our basket ball team went to Cary to play the high school at that place. Of course more strenuous practice was engaged in, more men were needed, and every boy was asked to practice with the team. The boys responded to this call and practically every boy in the high school turned out for practice. We were beaten in the game, but every one determined to work harder and win next time.

The eligibility rules for participation in athletics demand good work in all studies, hence if a man wishes to make the team he has to study, and as studying is principally what you come to school for, clearly athletics improve school efficiency.

Therefore as athletics help school spirit and school efficiency it is a good thing and should be developed.

THOMAS WILSON, III, '17.

Athletics

COMMIE McLENNAN*Athletic Editor*

OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

EDWIN TENNEY*President*

NELL PICKARD*Secretary*

MISS OLIVIA BROOKS*Treasurer*

Owing to the lack of a football field all the interest in athletics this fall has centered in basket ball. At the beginning of the season four girls and four boys were chosen as captains of teams and they in turn chose their teams. Each captain has a well-balanced team. Two or more teams are out on the field every afternoon for practice. The captains have arranged a tournament to be played in January, a pennant going to the winning team of each division.

The boys have played two match games and have several others arranged.

Mr. Tennant, of Carolina's Varsity team, is coaching the girls; and as they are already in good form, they expect to have a better season than last year.

CHAPEL HILL 15—CARY 16

The C. H. H. S. basket ball season opened November 18 with Cary H. S. at that town. The game was played in a cold drizzling rain in which the subs on the side lines got very cold. The Chapel Hill boys showed good form and the Cary boys played a good game. Chapel Hill excelled in guarding and Cary in throwing fouls.

Score—C. H. H. S.: Field goals 7, fouls 1, total 15.

Score—Cary: Field goals 4, fouls 8, total 16.

Line-up—C. H. H. S.: Lindsey, L. F.; Sparrow, R. F.; Hogan, C.; Hutchins, R. G.; Merritt, L. G. Substitutes: Phipps for Sparrow.

Cary—Little, L. F.; Banks, R. F.; Bobitt, C.; Upchurch, L. G.; House, R. G. Substitutes: Rain for Banks. Referee, Stevens of Cary.

C. H. H. S. 14—DURHAM 15

The second game of the season was played November 22 with Durham on the Chapel Hill court. The C. H. team showed splendid form in the first half and the score was 8 to 7. In the last half they were on the losing side, the final score being 14 to 15 in favor of Durham. The game was exciting and the rooting very enthusiastic.

Line-up—Chapel Hill: Lindsey, L. F.; Tenney, R. F.; Hogan, C.; Merritt, L. G.; Hutchins, R. G.

Durham: Knight, L. F.; Winston, R. F.; Perry, C.; White, L. G.; Teer, R. G. Referee, Doak of Carolina.

Alumni

CHAS. CATES, '19*Editor*

We are pleased to announce that we are going to devote a department of our magazine to the alumni and alumnae of the Chapel Hill High School. It is earnestly desired that all of our former students will join with us in making this department interesting.

Some of our former students who are now in the University are: Russell Barton, Henry Wilson, Holmes Herty, Ernest Hutchins, Oley Gooch and Cornelius Miller.

The C. H. H. S. is well represented at the Normal College. Madge Kennette is president of the Junior Class, Claudia Cheek is playing center on the Freshman basket ball team, while Elizabeth Moses, Ernestine Kennette, Netus and Agnes Andrews, and Bonnie Merritt are doing very creditable work.

Annie Pickard and Gertrude Tankersley are at Peace Institute, Mary Cobb is at Fassifern, John Abernethy at Warrenton High School, Calvert Toy at Episcopal High School, Alexandria Va., Grady Pritchard at Elon College.

On the Green

AGNES ANDREWS, '16.....*Editor*

Twice on Sunday, November 14th, the students of the High School had the pleasure of hearing one of the greatest orators of today, Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, ex-Secretary of State. President Graham of the University, introduced Mr. Bryan in his usual happy manner. Mr. Bryan's subject in the morning was, "The War in Europe and its Lesson for Us." In the afternoon he spoke on the subject, "Man's Relation to His Government, Man's Relation to Society, and Man's Relation to God." His lectures were thoroughly enjoyed.

Misses Jones, Shell, Hildebrand, Maude and Pearl Minish and Mr. Morrison motored over to Cary to the basket ball game.

Nell Pritchard, Carrie Tenney, Frank Durham, Stephen Cole, Thos. Wilson, Hubert Neville and Robt. Daniel also went to Cary to the game.

Gertrude Tankersley of Peace Institute, one of our former students, has been forced to come home on account of trouble with her eyes.

John Abernethy, one of our former students, who is now in school at Warrenton, spent Nov. 20-21 with his parents.

Miss Pearl Minish, of Lenoir, spent ten days with her sister, Miss Maude Minish, this month.

On November 5th, Mayor W. S. Roberson, Mr. R. A. Eubanks and Chief Foister of the Chapel Hill Fire Department visited the school. They called for a fire drill and the building was emptied in fifty-three seconds.

Dr. Chase and Mr. McGhee, of the Department of Education of the University, have been frequent visitors to the High School this fall.

Mr. Noble, Dr. Harrington, Mr. Walker, Dr. Abernethy, Mr. Moss, Dr. Smith, and Mr. Patton have paid us visits since the fall term opened.

Miss Minish had the misfortune to fall recently and sprain her ankle. We are glad to know she is rapidly improving.

Misses Shell, Jones and Bowen and Mr. Morrison attended Teacher's Assembly in Raleigh, Thanksgiving.

Miss Glass spent Thanksgiving at her home in Greensboro.

Early in October Misses Bowen and Brooks entertained the girls of their Sewing Club at a little afternoon party. The Domestic Art room had been decorated with autumn leaves for the occasion. The girls came early and soon tongues and needles were flying fast. The entertainment of the afternoon was an "exam" on articles of wearing apparel. Such questions as "Behead a pronoun and get a hat" (t)hat—were asked. Eleanor Loker, Vera Pritchard and Bessie Merritt cut for the prize, which fell to Vera Pritchard. At the close of the afternoon's fun light refreshments were served.

The Chapel Hill School made a very creditable showing on Rally Day. Prizes were taken by the first, second and fifth grade drawing exhibits, by the canning club and by several girls in the sewing class. Jack and Willie Hogan and Gurnie Crabtree won prizes on farm exhibits and prizes in athletics went to Hubert Long, Jack Hogan and Annie Sparrow.

Arbor Day was celebrated in Chapel Hill on the day appointed by the Governor. At eleven o'clock the school assembled on the green and there all joined in singing "Arbor Day." Charles Cates then read the Governor's Proclamation. A poem was read by Dorothy Greenlaw. As the water oak was planted by the boys Louise Latta, Mabel Pendergraft, Frances Venable, Naomi Long, and Elizabeth McKie from the Grammar Grades recited a poem. The next tree was planted by the boys of the Primary Department, while three children, Thurman Creel, Estelle Lawson, and Eileen Winn, recited a poem. The exercises closed with the North Carolina Toast.

Jokes

Alice Gattis, quoting descriptive passage from the Ancient Mariner :

"It ceased, but still the sails made on
A gentle noise till noon,
A noise like that of a *frozen* brook
In the *leafy month* of *June*."

Some of our students have a decidedly modern trend of thought. In a first-year History paper we learn that Augustine went over to Kent in the year 597 A. D., and, as soon as he arrived, called up King Ethelbirht on the 'phone and asked permission to speak to his people. The same student said "Horatius was shot and nearly killed at the bridge."

English II: Lynette was a proud haughty girl who had taken a deep drink from the fatal cup of society."

Wanted

By Miss Minish and the third year class, a "Jack" for Physics problems.

By Miss Brooks, a student who can read Virgil.

By Mary Taylor, a medium of expression.

By Hubert Neville, Frank Durham, Thomas Wilson and Steve Cole, a lunch.

By Edwin Tenney, a business office.

By Mr. Morrison, Miss Minish, Raby Tennant and Ed Tenney, a basketball whistle.

Miss Shell, "Did Mr. Morrison tell you children to come in here?"

Children, "No'm, but Uncle Richard did."

Cary manager, shaking hands with Mr. Morrison, "You didn't bring your Professor with you, did you?"

Miss Minish (hearing a mumbling sound in the corner)—"Agnes, what are you doing?"

Agnes—"Explaining a geometry proposition to Lillie."

Miss Minish—"Go ahead, but please don't talk."

Sarah (five years old)—"Miss Glass, do you know what we are going to do when Carolina beats Virginia?"

Miss Glass—"No."

Sarah—"Burn this old College down."

On the side line at the Cary game one enthusiastic Cary rooter volunteered the information.—"You can't learn them nothin', the rule book was wrote in Chapel Hill."

Miss Minish—"Will the third year class please bring Julius Ceasar to class tomorrow?"

Frank Durham—"He's dead!"

Just before Thanksgiving Miss Shell asked her class to make a list of things for which they should be thankful. Walter Wilson's list began—"I'm thankful that I have ten toes, that my grandfather has a 'Ford,' that Miss Shell loves me and that my new sweater is blue instead of red like Marvin's."

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